MSA

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016 with funding from
Boston Public Library

https://archive.org/details/massachusettssch1936mass

MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

36

Dedication

In grateful appreciation of a guardian spirit who has kindly watched over us during our stay here, we respectfully dedicate this year book to President Charles Edward Newell.

SONNET

The once untutored hand can now defy
The pigment's mood, the brush's errant twist,
Can cope with fickle shadows that deny
The static north light; the futile fist
Gesticulating is less frequent now;
The model's flesh is flesh, the still-life breathes,
And clay is not an earthern clod to plow;
Historic chapter is revealed, bequeathes
Rich heritage. Contemporary minds
Evaluate the past; new forms impend.
The colored tube (as symbol for time) unwinds
To blent palette,—means to Beauty's end—
The whirling world has not yet tried the hand
That must again, lead it to understand.

BEATRICE COHEN, '36

SCENE ABOUT TOWN

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN THE ART MUSEUM

FOR LEWIS CARROLL

by MARGARET E. SANGSTER

You gave the world the gift of gentle laughter.
Of magic touched with a prismatic gleam;
You taught us that life holds frail romance after
First youth is past and hearts scarce dare to dream.
Your people saunter by, a long procession
As mad as April and as sweet as May . . . .
They are so real (and this is a confession!)
That I can see them, though my hair is gray!
There's Alice and the Rabbit, walking primly,
The sobbing turtle, and the child that sneezed;
The croquet-playing Queens who shouted grimly,
The drowsy Dormouse and the Hare that teased . . .
Your dear illusions never, quite, can pass.
Though you have wandered through the Looking Glass!

Alice was rather surprised, as she approached the Museum, to see a horse cantering on the front lawn. But the Appeal to the Great Spirit (for he turned out to be the rider) dismounted and greeted her quite naturally.

"Oh dear! Look," said Alice, "the sign says 'Closed on Mondays'."

"Oh, that!" laughed the Appeal. "People like to say they don't believe in signs, but they do, you know. Oh dear, yes. I suppose I've seen hundreds of people come here on a Monday and turn away quite disgusted when they see the sign. They don't seem to think of trying the door. And the funny thing about it is that it's never locked, you know." To prove it he pushed open the door and they walked in.

"But I should think someone—" objected Alice.

"I'm coming to that," put in the Appeal. (He did not like to be interrupted.) "I can remember just one Monday when a very absent-minded man walked right up and tried the door before he realized what day it was. That was a close call, I can tell you."

"Well? And what happened?" Alice questioned eagerly.

"Oh, Mycerinus held the door, of course," said the Appeal, a little crossly. "Ah, here he is now. I'll introduce you." And sure enough there was Mycerinus lumbering down the corridor towards them. Alice knew it was rude, but she could not help staring at him. He was so immense. She was dreadfully embarrassed when she shook hands with him, because the whole hand and part of his arm broke right off! And there she was, still

holding onto the hand, long after (as she told her sister later) the hand-shaking should have been over.

"Oh bother!" said Mycerinus sadly. "There it goes again." And as Alice returned his hand (it was very heavy), the Appeal whispered confidentially, "It's all right. He's always losing something. It's because he's restored, you know." Alice tried to puzzle this out, but just then a fierce little woman ran up and poked Alice with one of her snakes. No one bothered to introduce her, but Alice recognized her from the picture in her history book as the Snake Goddess.

"Come on," she shrieked, "let's go tease the casts!" And they all rushed away to the cast-room. She led the way to Hermes, who was racing up and down the room, stopping now and then to rise on his toes or extend one leg behind him. "I must say they're very vain in here," thought Alice, "although I suppose it comes of being looked at so much." The Snake Goddess was addressing Hermes, "How long did you say it took you to run around the building last week?" "Twenty-six and a half minutes, all floors," returned Hermes promptly. "Why I don't believe it. No one could possibly do it in that time," said the Snake Goddess. "I'll prove it," cried Hermes delightedly, and, flirting his wings, off he ran. All the casts shouted with laughter, and the Appeal whispered to Alice, "She's extremely witty, don't you think? She makes him run around the building like that every week. I do hope, though," he went on earnestly, "that she has sense enough to leave Venus alone. You know Venus is really a nice enough sort of girl, but a few weeks ago she overheard the curator talking about her, and she's been quite insufferable ever since." But the Snake Goddess was already pushing Alice forward. "Ah, how d'you do," drawled Venus. "Would you care t' know my measurements? Height—" But she was drowned out by all the casts, who had risen up and were screaming in a chorus, "No, No, NO!" Alice ran out, holding her hands tightly over her ears.

When she stopped running, she was in a very quiet room full of black and red vases. They were very pretty vases, Alice thought, and she spent quite some time admiring them. But she soon began to get panicky when at every turning she came upon more vases, miles and miles of them. "Won't I ever meet anyone to direct me out of these vases?" she thought. She admitted later that she had been almost ready to cry, when she had heard a dear familiar voice in the corridor. "Oh, bother," it said clearly, "that makes the third time those confounded toes have dropped off today.". . . Yes, they were all there—Mycerinus, the Snake Goddess, the Appeal, and even Hermes. They were on their way to

the picture gallery, and half-way there met an ancient Chinaman walking in the opposite direction. "It's Ah Mee, the sage," whispered the Appeal. "He's very learned." Alice had thought that he looked like a bundle of clothes with a mask on top, but now she tried not to think so. "His proverbs are really wonderful," the Appeal was saying, when Ah Mee remarked majestically, "Play music in front of a cow." Poor Alice, remembering that he was very learned, tried hard to make any sense out of this. His next remark was even more puzzling. Staring hard at Alice, he said pointedly, "Of greater worth is a withered carrot," then shuffled away. Alice cried out, after he had gone, "Why, he's nothing but an empty mask, himself!" The Appeal and the others were very much shocked. "Sh. Shh. Don't let him hear you. It would be dreadful if he should ever find out."

All Alice could ever remember about the picture gallery was that she spoke to George Washington there. As she told her sister later, she was a little timid about speaking to him (he was so very dignified), but as she felt sure that she would never have such an opportunity again, she went right up and said, "How do you do, General Washington." He nodded and smiled at her a little, and Alice decided that he was really much nicer than in the histories. It seemed to Alice that everything grew confuseder and confuseder from then on. The Appeal talked all the time, pointing out the exhibits; the Snake Goddess kept hiding behind curtains and tickling people from behind with her snakes; Hermes was a dreadful nuisance, jumping over the railings and sliding down the bannisters; and poor Mycerinus was quite a responsibility, as usual. How they got to the Tudor Room, Alice never knew, but they all stopped outside the door. "And this," said the Appeal, "is the Tudor Room. Note the heavy oak paneling which—" Mycerinus was bending down looking into the room. "And two windows, besides. And two—" he was noting happily, when Alice gave a little scream of laughter. "Oh, but it doesn't mean two *doors*," she explained. "It's kings, you see." "Two kings?" questioned the Snake Goddess quite sharply. "Well, no," said Alice, "let's see, there's Henry VII, and Henry VIII, and Edward VI and . . ." She had to stop, they were all staring at her so queerly—"just as though I were some objectionable insect," she thought. "I think you'd much better have left it at doors," the Snake Goddess was saying coldly.

"Well, perhaps you're right, but it isn't doors, you know," Alice was saying as she stood outside the Museum. "Oh, mercy," she said, stopping short, "the sign says 'Closed on Mondays'. I'll have to come another day if I want to get in."

SUSAN T. RICHERT, '39

CHRISTMAS EVE ON BEACON HILL

.....Louisburg Square!—The very heart of Beacon Hill! Breathless from our climb up the steep and narrow streets, we arrive red-cheeked and shiny-eyed, upon a festive, snow-bedecked scene vibrant with the cheery spirit of Christmas Eve. Myriads of flickering lights scintillate from the uncurtained, gleaming windows; the quaint, old-fashioned doorways are festooned with wreaths of deep green pine and bright scarlet holly berries; and sparkling white snow glitters with diamond-like brilliance in the unsteady glimmering of the street lamps. Curiously wrought lanterns, swinging from poles held aloft by the carolers, light their footsteps as their melodic voices blending in holiday harmony, fill the wintry air with reminiscent strains of "Silent Night." All is joyous, all is reverent. From another group in the hazy distance comes the triumphant refrain "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" ..... and one is transported in fancy to the Galilean hills .....

"Oh little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by ....."

And as it was sung when Phillips Brooks wrote it, so it is sung now. So will it be sung by our children and our grandchildren. This hill, mellow with the memory of many Yuletides past and gone, so steeped in rich tradition, so colorful in history can never be set apart from the yester-year. To know Beacon Hill and to feel its charm is to live once more with ghosts of by-gone years, to be lifted above this hum-drum every-day life, and to realize that here is a spirit like none other in the world.

VIRGINIA MAJOR, '38

Louisburg Square — Esther Boston

ROBERT GRADY '37

WM. SHEVIS

City Hall

M. MACDONNELL '37

SCENE ABOUT SCHOOL

"THE WAY TO UNDERSTANDING"

"HALL OF FAME"

THE UPPER REGIONS

LUNCH ROOM

GALLERY

IN TOTO

Pencil Drawing ANANIS '38

ACTIVITIES

THE MASCART THEATRE

The Mascart Theatre has proved to be the most popular club of the school. In its productions we have aimed for Variety, Individuality, and Beauty.

The success of the theatre has been due chiefly to the enthusiastic and industrious support of its members, who sincerely hope that the prestige it has gained in recent years may yet increase in the future.

The schedule of plays and directors for the season 1935-1936 is as follows:

Boccaccio's Untold Tale ..... Anthony Iarrobino
The Angel Intrudes ..... Domenic Severino
The Woman Who Understood Men ..... Irma Hughes & Evelyn Fenton
The Columbine Madonna ..... Anthony Iarrobino
No, Not the Russians! ..... Paul Wilson
A Cup of Tea ..... Lucy Young
The Swan ..... By Ferene Molnars, directed by Robert de Laney of the Peabody Playhouse

STRING ENSEMBLE

As in previous years the ensemble has been the musical background for almost all of the larger stage activities in the school.

They have played at the pageants, plays, and assemblies where incidental music was desired, and have also filled a great many outside engagements.

We regret that the ensemble does not appear more often on our weekly programs, for it is a very versatile group of musicians, and its reputation is something to be very proud of in a school where there is so little time to spare from the pencil and brush.

"Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why Music was ordained!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies,.....?"

GLEE CLUB

Perhaps the tones that emanated from the auditorium on Wednesdays were not as beautiful as those that "charmed magic casements—in fairylands forlorn", or as robust as those of the Don Cossacks: however, there were a few among us who, tired of things in general, welcomed those afternoons when we could relax in the pleasurable atmosphere of "singing just for the fun of it." And yet it seems that no pleasure goes unpaid for. At the end of the season, under the skilled direction of Mr. Wilson, and augmented by Dorcas O'Niel's mixed quartet, we gave a concert for the school.

Among the selections that were given, the most outstanding were "Sylvia", "My Garden", and William Arms Fisher's arrangement of "Deep River" which the quartet sang in a polished manner.

The Club also assisted with the music at Christmas, and at one of the Mascart plays.

E. KLEIN '36

FENCING

Foiled Again! Almost any noon in the life painting rooms, the clashing of steel attracts one. An investigation reveals a pair of fencers dodging about among the easels. The lack of masks and foils no longer limits this delightful game, for the efforts of Abraham Silverman have culminated in a duly authorized fencing club with a grant of money from the Student Association.

It is a stimulating game when you have learned to play and keep in practice, and an art akin to dancing in its grace and finesse.

D. O'NEIL '37

SKETCH CLUB

The decoration speaks for itself. Pleasant hours of constructive criticism and entertaining conversation, with Mr. Philbrick as our "arbiter elegantiarum" characterized the meetings of the Sketch Club.

They were informality itself. No afternoons could have been more worthwhile, no afternoons could have been more amusing than those spent in C-7, every other Friday. The exhibitions not only were interesting to the eye, but they afforded us an insight into the work of our contemporaries different from that which we were accustomed to see each day in the studios.

Outstanding among the contributors to the Sketch Club showings were "Charlie" Demotropolis, and Bob Grady whose one-man shows appeared at frequent intervals during the year.

We are now looking forward to the annual exhibition, which always brings forth a great many fine pieces of work, and a multitude of interesting comments from those who attend.

MAGIC CLUB

We raise our head, sniff the air, and canter off to what may be referred to as a flying start. Before going into the usual legerdemains, we observe the dramatis personnae who comprise this charming group of Thurstons.

A majority of damsels young, old, in-betweenish, poor, affluent, sentimental, cynical, plain or chic, who find themselves somewhat baffled by voodoo "but voo don't mind."

A pack of cards, and a few aspirin, spliced hankies, some crumbs of chalk sprinkled with a verbal polka, and instructions at the Magic Club under Mr. Hoadley's competent direction.

Such conjuration will satisfy that foolish, ever-present, subconscious urge, to outdo Newton's law, and to walk where all but devils fear to tread.

EVELYN FENTON

SCHOOL STORE

MANAGER ..... RICHARD PRIEST

STAFF ..... Warren Spaulding, David Stearns, Louis Vuilleumier, Spencer Peel, John Ananis, Cleland Kinney, Richard Briggs, Clarence Brayton

FACULTY ADVISORS ..... Mrs. Rugg, Mr. Cain

STUDENT ASSOCIATION

PRESIDENT .....Winifred Patterson
VICE-PRESIDENT .....Domenic Severino
SECRETARY .....Claire Christopherson
TREASURER .....G. Stuart Hodge
FACULTY ADVISORS .....Miss Whittier, Mr. Porter

YEAR BOOK

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ..... Harriette Smith

SENIOR EDITORS ..... Edith Leonard

Adelaide Toombs

Anne Conley

Barbara Nicolai

Mary Murdoch

JUNIOR EDITORS ..... Dorcas O'Neil

G. Stuart Hodge

Carol Bettinger

SOPHOMORE EDITOR ..... Donald Moss

FRESHMAN EDITOR ..... Robert Munroe

FACULTY ADVISORS ..... Mr. Palmstrom

Mr. Philbrick

Mr. Jamison

POST MORTES

The football team, which still might have been, had it not since been a ghost, passed away into the realm of obscurity within three days of its gallant start this very lovely season of 1935-1936.

Our eyes are wet with tears as we recall how for many and many a year the team valiantly repelled the onslaught of its merciless adversaries, who so unjustly termed it "rough and unfit for art students." Suddenly, however, it could bear the humiliation no longer and succumbed.

In Pace Manere Licet.

In the midst of our mourning was born another team—a Soccer team, but alas, it was stillborn!

Quoque In Pace Manere Licet

In the midst of our growing misery came another—a Basketball team, but that too will go the way of all teams if it can do no better than what is rumored to date, namely, one game!

Oh Athletics, wherefore art thou Athletics?

Now there have been strange rumors going hither and thither concerning baseball, but so fatalistic have we become that we are certain it has already met a doom similar to the others.

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes,
Peace within thy breast (oh Athletics)
Would I were asleep in peace
So sweet to rest (from hysterics).

Res Tota in Pace Manere Licet.

A. A. IARROBINO, '36

autumn

FACULTY

CHARLES EDWARD NEWELL

President of M.S.A. ***State Director of Art Education***

The cordial host at M.S.A.'s mansion; He possesses that tactful, easy yet business-like manner which is such a necessary rudder in guiding so many of us in the "perilous seas"; warm-hearted in every emergency and one of the proudest to see us succeed.

FREDERICK M. WILDER

Dean and Registrar

A deep-thinking psychologist of the practical type, whose understanding mind penetrates our darkest problems, and helps to clear them up. Skilled to his finger-tips, he fashions frames that would themselves gain him an enviable reputation.

FRANK LEONARD ALLEN
Head of Design Department

An energetic personage with a fund of entertaining stories. A believer in modern creative art. His dynamic conversation reveals an enthusiastic and erudite man with a ready sense of humor.

J. MACE ANDRESS
Psychology

"An apple a day"—or "Early to bed"—might be Dr. Andress' motto judging from his look of well-being, which is almost traditional now. He can tell at a glance why we behave as we do, but encourages us to find out for ourselves. A fine example of the successful man.

RICHARD ANDREW
Life Drawing and Painting, Artistic Anatomy

If you had just come from Erin, Mavourneen, you would not be able to tell us more interesting tales than can Mr. Andrew; and if you would be an etcher, you could not find a better teacher; many are the afternoons that we have watched him make anatomical drawings and wished that perfect draughtsmanship were a contagious disease.

ETHEL G. BARTLETT
Elementary Drawing, Water Color Painting

A jolly, kindly person who bustles among bits of still-life, and art aptitudes; knows which alumnae married which alumni, and looks upon us as just one big family of "Boys" and "Girlies."

ZELLA BUCKINGHAM

Elementary Drawing, Oil Painting

When we were struggling Freshmen, she helped many of us begin to see the intricacies of composition A la Major, and started us on the right road with her pleasant encouragement.

THERON I. CAIN

Elementary Drawing, Perspective, Civic Art, Instrumental Drawing

A bright spot of order in a generally disheveled life would characterize a course with Mr. Cain. His fine appreciation of the higher arts is concealed behind a businesslike manner and an armful of T-squares, triangles and compasses.

MURIEL COX

Costume Design

The charming all knowing one who is the authority on what to do and when to do it passes on her motto, "Be a lady if it kills you."

CYRUS E. DALLIN

Modeling

An earnest spirit who greatly appeals to all who have the privilege of working under him. "Making it round, and building it up," soon become second nature to the plastic devotees. "Cyrus the Great"—we are proud to claim him as one of us.

MARTHA M. FLINT

Costume Design and Pattern Drafting

The little person with the big personality who hides away among racks of costumes, and tables piled high with patterns. Our ingeniously costumed stage productions owe much to Miss Flint and her interest in us.

LUDWIG FRANK

Textile Design

Those of us who were fortunate enough to have Mr. Frank, will be ever appreciative of his patient instruction, his love of harmonious color, and his admiration of floral designs. He will not be with the school next year, and we are glad that he waited for us.

E. WILBUR DEAN HAMILTON

Still-Life Painting and Composition

A cross-examiner, whose question "Is it too warm, or too cold; too light or too dark?" has brought many of us to salvation. Famous not only for his work, but also for his hammers, reducing glasses and tales of the Beaux Arts.

ANNA M. HATHAWAY

Design, Color Harmony, Pencil Drawing

No class ever leaves the school without the fondest memories of Miss Hathaway, and her undeniable charm. If we have a greater appreciation of the finest qualities of art, it is because of our earlier contacts with her, and her gracious understanding in teaching us.

EDWIN A. HOADLEY

Design, Dynamic Symmetry, Drawing, Composition

The freshmen find Mr. Hoadley's fund of knowledge still unexhausted when they are seniors; likewise the imitations and puns. On the courts he can net himself a game any time. His work at the Peabody House has been of great interest to all of us, especially since we heard those selections from "The Sorcerer."

WALTER W. JAMISON

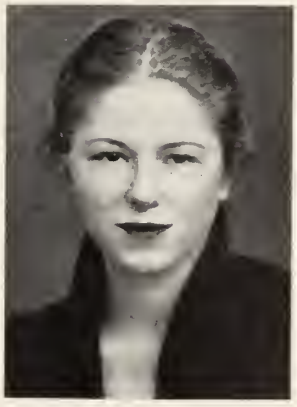
English Composition and Literature

If we can make our future years, "years of grace", not only with our paints and brushes, but by a harmonious union of our work, literature and life, Mr. Jamison will not go unrewarded. To us he is Lafcadio Hearn's Boswell, and an alpine stock on the mountain peaks of literature.

ALBERT STEARNS KENDALL

Architecture

An able orator whose left hand traces many a stubborn echinus and volute with skillful abandon. In his classroom the Sophomores build their dream houses, and almost reconstruct the Acropolis.



BARBARA KESSEN

Costume Design

"Just a plate of current fashion,
Tripping by in high-heeled, ribboned shoes."

Not only the epitome of style, but a "Pattern" of cleverness worth following.

ERNEST L. MAJOR

Composition, Advanced Drawing and Painting

A mixture of Old World atmosphere, and New World spice, whose classes are the entertainment and inspiration of the week. He gives emphatic and vigorous comments on all phases of art with "no extra charge", and knows all the "good ones" to whom we should turn to study. We have missed Minook, and trust that he is happy in the land of well-earned rest.

LAURIN H. MARTIN

Metal Crafts

We have frequently been reminded of a very lively puppy dog. Mr. Martin is another tennis enthusiast and likes to dwell at length on his automobiles, and trips he has taken. His workshop is a smoky, underworld forge from whence come many artistic creations in metal.

ELLA MUNSTERBERG

Art History

Naively clever and amusing, whether telling of Nefrotiti's charms, Fra Angelico's frescoes or of modern abstractions. M.S.A.'s Halliburton with many interesting tales, and pocketbooks full of exciting mysteries, with perhaps—who knows—even a Dragoman!

LEO O'DONNELL

General Illustration, Life Drawing

Bring a good book of poetry to class and be entertained while you work. Much of Mr. O'Donnell's wealth of information, we fancy, must be gleaned from his part-time rendezvous—the library. How long it takes us to learn that there is so much gold beneath that long swinging cape, and that forbidding hat!

PHILIP PALMSTROM
Design

M.S.A.'s Business executive. One of those who is always at least three jumps ahead of the other fellow. Alert, thorough, expedient; all in all, a design worth following.

ELIZABETH W. PERKINS
Observation and Mental Training through Drawing

Collaborator with Charles Woodbury on a new "Art of Seeing." Her theories are modern. A very charming hostess to the Senior Teacher Trainers at tea.

OTIS PHILBRICK
Head of Drawing and Painting Department

We admire his intellect. An unruffled character, suggestive slightly of Hardy and Epicureanism: he has, through the Sketch Club as well as in his classes, inspired us to do much; and his sympathetic constructive criticism smooths many a hard road.

LILLIAN A. PHILLIPS
Crafts

She is not immune to the enthusiasm of all the Teacher Training department. Miss Phillips can tell almost anybody almost anything, which is remarkable for one who is continually busy, and who we should not expect would have the time to bother.

RAYMOND O. PORTER
Head of Modeling Department

Robust seer of the "lower regions" of M.S.A. Between punches at our clay figures he likes to clear up our ideas about art of any kind. A conversation with him is a liberal education. We have often wondered when he finds time to write those pageants that are Events.

MARY M. RUGG
Costume Advertising and Illustration

If all work was done in the Rugg fashion, school would run like a charmed machine. We remember her as a very up to date person, with an efficient manner that is contagious, and a smile that "goes the efficiency one better."

JOHN SHARMAN
Painting

An ardent disciple of structure, earth colors, and bigger and better highlights. Beneath his somewhat ruthless efforts to make us see the "big things", he conceals a keen, quiet sense of humor.

FRED THOMPSON
Elementary Drawing and Designs

"Tommy's" sunshiny room, the informal formality of his classes, very, very constructive criticisms, and designs by preceding classes that made us groan with envy. "Tommy" always managed to get us to do better ones in the end.

LILAH M. VAUGHAN
Sociology

Dr. Vaughan conjures up shades of mistletoe, translates Ellwood into English, discusses prohibition, smoking and the cooperative movement, and is an exponent of diets.

EFFIE B. WHITTET
Librarian, Library Methods

Her Royal Highness of Bookland whose reign embraces everything from fairy stories to First Aid. Mrs. Whittet's lively personality is felt from the day one registers—ad infinitum.

AMY R. WHITTIER
Head of Teacher Training Department

The beautifully groomed "live wire" who has inspired many classes to hitch to higher stars and who is what all the future teachers would like to be—a successful guide to artistic living.

ISABELLA T. DAMRELL
School Secretary

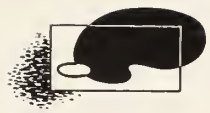
The quiet twinkly-eyed lady who sits behind a great smooth desk and informs us where "he" is, and when we will be able to see "him."

EILEEN McMULLEN
Dean's Clerk

If we knew as much as she knows about our "case histories" would we be able to smile as she does? She smiles with us and not at us which seems to be the policy of the second floor administration.

MARGARET C. WOLAHAN
Bookkeeper, Stenographer

A pleasant personality who manages to stay that way through endless days of solving the problems of our missing keys, and tuitions of the same order.



DESIGN

PATTERSON '36

GENERAL DESIGN

So many roads have been opened to us this past year, and we have seen so many ways in which we can apply our knowledge of design, that there isn't any doubt in our minds that we won't all be immediate successes. It is too bad that industry had to wait four years for us, but it won't mind when it sees what we can do for it. We would like to start at the roots, and build all over again, but alas, circumstances are such that we must just tackle anything that comes our way that has been done, and do it better. Take pianos, for instance; well, if they're too heavy, take an alarm clock, floor lamp, furniture, silverware, in fact anything that isn't simply sweeping the market, and we'll make it a best seller.

We will not only re-design your package and your product, but we can plan the most economical and well-rounded advertising campaign you'd want; and, incidentally, we'll do the layout and any art work that is needed. We will also plan your window displays, booklets and direct mail; everything—even down to the letter head on your stationery. Now, Mr. Industry, how have you progressed without us?

I hope we won't find travelling as isolated souls too difficult, for we have worked so well in a group, and our class criticism has been so helpful. We shall miss Louis' "It lacks a certain rhythm" and the other Louis' "I like that", with a lot of music in the tone.

Of course with American business the way it is, our class will simply overcrowd the market; so the ideal solution would be for a goodly number of the girls to become domestically minded. In fact the men wish all the girls would start thinking of frilly curtains and chintz, leaving the market wide open for them. There's always the consolation that Franie may stay in California or New York, which would cross one off, and then there are other girls that have half settled down, if you know what I mean; that narrows it down somewhat. But then, despair not, gentle designer, for the odds that are against us make life a fascinating and thrilling game. Then, there is always the superb consolation that our parents arranged it so that we didn't have to graduate in '29, and our class has been doubly fortunate in having Jessie MacDonald and Mr. Alcott, along with our present fine teachers, Mr. Allen and Mr. Palmstrom.

And so, as Mr. Major would say, "Courage!" (with a French accent) and even if the world doesn't recognize our divine gift within the first week or two, four years of training has certainly given us something besides a portfolio of million dollar drawings, and something that is worth a whole lot more; so—here's to that star with a wagon hitched on behind!

DOROTHY HALLBERG, '36

Newspaper Ad

MARGARET SNOW

Billboard Design

EVELYN PIZZANO

COSTUME DESIGN

COSTUME DESIGN

Four years of art school. At the end of this time the various departments were all so exclusive that members of one course rarely saw their friends in another division.

This condition was remedied for a time by the tragic murder of our senior assembly, which brought us together in grief. It was on a cold windy day that the funeral was held—properties by Miss Flint.

And then the costume designers were soon in disgrace for not one of us was going to the Great Senior Dance! It was even whispered that we were too sophisticated to attend a mere Ball. This incited us to action. With hurt pride and rebellious spirits a goodly representation of costumers finally attended a very goodly dance.

Then came the day when the C.D.'s took Jordans by storm, leaving a mere handful of illustrators alone in school. The consolation prize of those left was the Christmas spread with its cartoons—and at last we saw ourselves as we appeared to others.

It was just after Christmas and all through the class we began to lose our carefully bobby-pinned hair, not from overwork—oh no, that was all ahead of us—but as a result of teacherly advice. Old faces assumed a new orange glow as we learned about skin tones, brown types, blonds and make up.

And to continue with the overwork problem—with the change in schedule in the second term, the illustrators found themselves with those afternoons of class every other week and the designers with more illustration than the illustrators. The unheard of happened and pupils actually begged for another class. Little did we realize that it would mean one whole day of school a week.

Any extra time was more than filled in preparing for the Fashion Show. Anything resembling a large sail boat in the breeze was only a poster with an illustrator behind it. Then the material itself arrived and with it the days of muslin patterns, basting, sore fingers, no sleep, and at last—thirty "fearful and wonderful" creations.

Then we really got down to work on theses. A few more weeks and another class of costume designers, ready for the business world with memories of Senior Week, Oscar and Olive, good times, clothes, and six in a booth.

BARBARA NICOLAI, '36

J. Heller

TEACHER TRAINING

KENYON '36

"The infinite capacity of the human mind to resist the introduction of knowledge can not be overestimated," said Professor Lounsbury. But instead of bewailing this fact as an indication of the wavering shallows of human nature, we can accept it, being as we are graduates of a teachers' course in Art, as a very excellent reason why the world allows us to exist; and why should we exist?

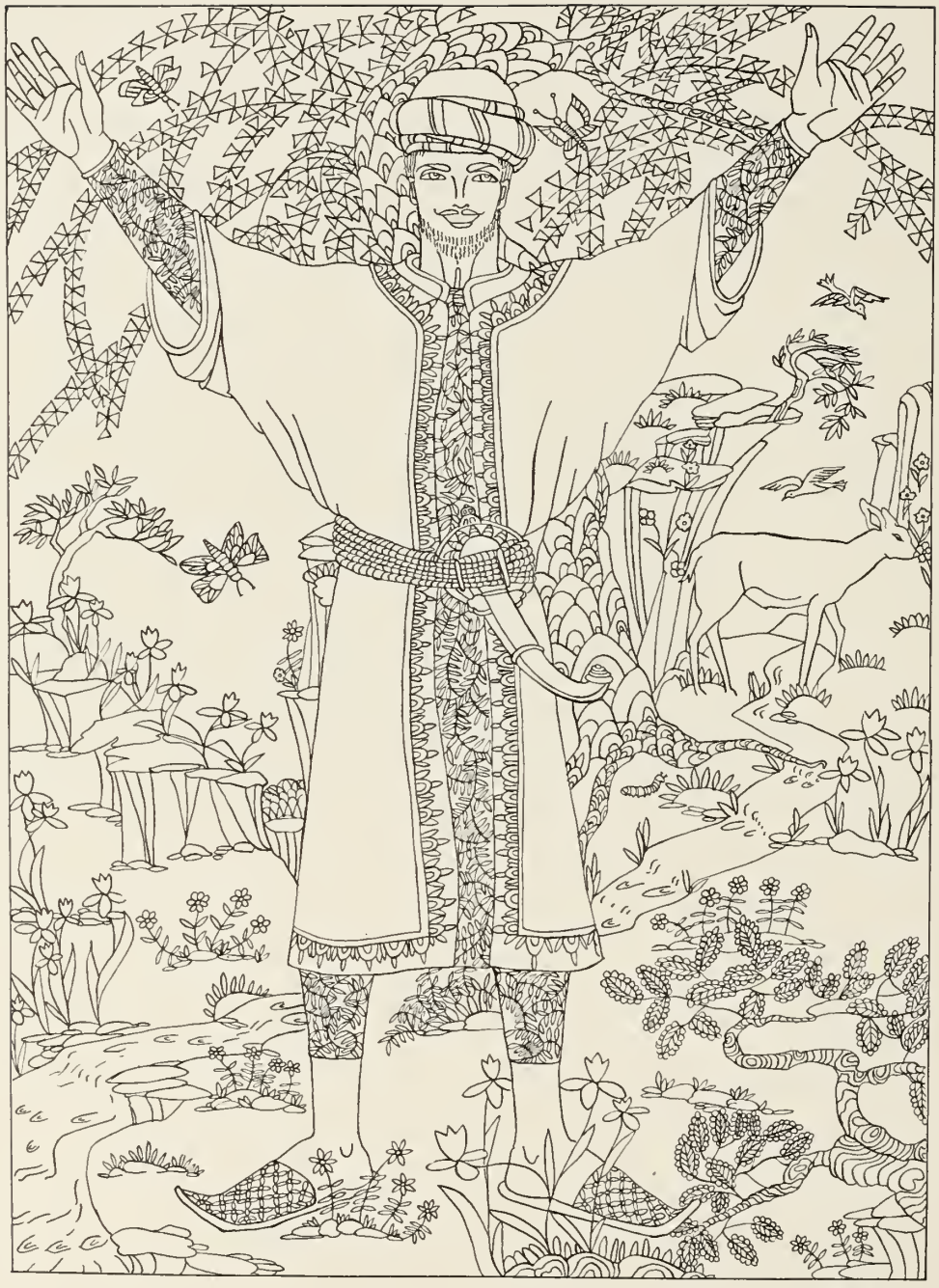
We are legion, yes, but if all the art teachers in the world were placed end to end, they would not extend half as far as all the law students in Boston, or all the young men who received cum laude's in 1935 and are now selling insurance. To be properly bromidic, we might say that we have a mission in life—but then who hasn't? And to come to some sort of a conclusion, we are what we are because our chosen work is to open up the door of expression, and equip with the necessary tools, appreciation and technical skill, those young and tender souls who are wading in the mire of the three R's, hounded day (and night) by "X" and "Y", "amo, amas, amat", and the intricacies of the French verb.

Do you remember what a blessed day was the day that the "drawing teacher" came? She showed us the gate to Elysian fields where pencils, brushes and paper grow on trees, and no obstreperous text-book ever dares to show anything but a quickly vanishing tail.

Just such a delightful guide is what each of us hopes to be, and if we can keep our own past vivid in memory, it will not be hard to guide this new generation of artistic spirits into the "promised land."

There are the artistically talented children with no brains; the brainy children with no artistic talent; the geniuses with both, and those at the other end of the scale with neither; there are the average children, and the lesser or greater than average children, but we should have something for each one and we should be able to apply our extensive knowledge to the greatest advantage in each individual case—"make the punishment fit the crime" as it were.

If we could meet Perugino or Verrochio in the next world, and be able to say with them "we have taught a genius whose name will go down in history as one of the greatest artists of all time"; what greater reward could we ask than this? There is a greater reward in this art of teaching, and that reward would be to be able to say after the words of Kipling, that our life of teaching has been not merely dealing with putty, brass and paint, but the teaching of our dreams.



SHMAUK '36

MODELING

The monuments of a city tell much of its history, for in them, the people and events of the past which have been closely associated with the place are immortalized in bronze or stone. Boston is rich in such memorials particularly to men whose lives have played a dominant part in this vicinity, and whose existence gave us the individuality that is Boston's alone.

On the State House grounds is Cyrus Dallin's "Anne Hutchinson", one of the first New England feminine rebels! Very near stands a quiet, dignified bronze of the Massachusetts senator, Henry Cabot Lodge, designed by Mr. Porter. How well both of these statues capture the spirit of two great New Englanders. Neither must we forget the equestrian of General Hooker who is recognized as one of the great military leaders of the Civil War. Also the statue of Horace Mann by a sculptress, Emma Stebbins. Facing the State House we find the masterly Shaw Memorial. The sculptor, Augustus St. Gaudens, became so interested in the life of Colonel Shaw, a young heroic soldier in the Civil War that the present elaborate monument embodied thirteen years of study. It is rather interesting to find statues to a Massachusetts Senator, a religious martyr, an American educator, and two Civil War leaders in one place.

In the Public Gardens we must not overlook the impressive George Washington Equestrian by Thomas Ball. I wonder how many of us know that this, and the "Gallameten" and the "Colleoni" in Italy, are considered by many to be the three greatest equestrians in the world?

The Soldiers and Sailors monument by Martin Milmore on the Common is one of the best of the memorials of the Civil War.

On Arlington Street is a bronze of William Ellery Channing, a distinguished Boston clergyman. The sculptor, Herbert Adams, is an early graduate of our school. Another statue of a much beloved clergyman, Phillips Brooks, stands beside his own Trinity Church in Copley Square. This is the last great work of Augustus St. Gaudens.

Along Commonwealth Avenue and well out into the Fens is a pageant of fine statues—Hamilton, Garrison, Lief Erickson, John Boyle O'Reilly, Parkman, creators of great deeds and defenders of great ideals.

Of course we all know that the library in Copley Square has some precious works of art, particularly the bronze doors in low relief by Daniel Chester French.

Proceeding up Huntington Avenue we see the acknowledged masterpiece of Mr. Dallin. His "Appeal to the Great Spirit" stands before the Museum of Fine Arts where we may find sculpture ranging from the strangely subtle Hathor Cow of Egypt to a "modern" animal by Katherine Lane.

Just outside of Boston, in Cambridge, is the memorial to Longfellow—a beautiful marble screen portraying Miles Standish, the Village Blacksmith, the Spanish Student, Hiawatha and Evangeline. In Plymouth stands Mr. Dallin's "Massasoit" considered to be the equal of Praxiteles' art. Then in Roxbury is a figure of General J. Warren by Paul Bartlett. General Warren was a Revolutionary leader, and it is interesting to note that the statue was made from the melted metal of Confederate cannon. Of course the list of statues and interesting stories is endless.

This autumn Mr. Dallin completed his "Paul Revere." After a period of fifty years he has turned again to his original design and has completed a powerful equestrian. Our Modelling Class was fortunate enough to see it in clay at his studio. Now it is our hope that it will soon be cast in bronze and placed on some suitable site—and thus Boston will add to its many monuments, a memorial to a romantic tradition.

ADELAIDE A. TOOMBS

A. TOOMBS '36

The Puritan
MARY RAND

Portrait
ALLISON MACOMBER

Portrait
CHRISTINA MEADE

Labor BYRON BRISTOL

DRAWING AND PAINTING

The line was drawn for us sometime around September, 1932, or possibly 1933, when we were definitely enrolled as students of Drawing and Painting. We had illusions and vague dreams about some sort of dazzling miracle that would transform us into Artists in the course of four years. The exact quality of the miracle and what came after was lost in the shadows and we were left with only a dim outline of ourselves wandering luxuriously through tall-windowed studios, endless well-heated salons containing endless paintings, and Paris and Rome and Vienna and ART, great, capitalized ART lurking in the background. There was never a shadow of bitterness or despair to disturb this future, never a glimmer of light to reveal to us the phantoms we watched. We were crusaders, brandishing brushes and palettes and striding forth to make the world a better place because of our intrinsic talents.

But it was not long before the shadows became less clear and our cherished images slowly faded in a growing light—a cold, clear light which blinded us and made us instinctively turn back to our shadows. But they no longer comforted us, and we turned in despair to the words of great men of the past, artists whom even we could recognize—to words reiterated by those about us who sought to loosen our chains and turn us to the light. Their voices came to us through the changing echoes of many other voices in a great unanimous chorus that counseled us thus: work, work with a love for work,—keep a clear eye and a dauntless courage and work earnestly and hard, seeking always the light of truth.

It took a long time—almost four years—to dispel the shadows; and often they come back now to distract and perplex us, but in those years, no miracle had come to pass and we could no longer lose ourselves in a fantastic future. We can sense reality, although our eyes are still too weak to lift to the light and we prefer watching the reflections. Life has become more comprehensive, but less heartening. We are still fighting the shadows, struggling against chains of doubt. Sometimes questioning the four years spent in the striving for something too big for us; again, awkwardly seeking to distinguish our own minds against the constant theorizing that assails us from all sides. Our minds are pitifully battered, concerned more with the ripples in the reflection than the actual whole. We know neither what to do nor how to do it, nor even what we want, unable to work because we have grown unaccustomed to work and worse still, unable to think because we have listened too long to echoes, deeming them our own.

And so, lost in paint that inclines to mud (unless Mr. Andrew waves his magic brush over it), we are beginning to learn to distinguish the shadows from the realities in a cluttered, cave-like room, which, for lack of fresh air and pure light, far surpasses the time-honored garret.

Our desire for success, flickering feebly after constant waves of despair, burns only for ourselves now. Let the world continue to dance along the primrose path of dalliance. No, we are not neurotics; we cannot shelter our tender souls within the comforting words of a psychiatrist and call ourselves frustrated artists. On the contrary, we have been helped and guided towards the beautiful and the good all our student days, and that we turned our eyes from the glorious opportunities that were so close to us, can only be attributed to our blindness.

Now we are beginning to see; and therein lies our life: that we are facing the sun.

E. TRUEMAN '36

SPRING

Lincoln

JACOBSON '38

SENIORS

PRESIDENT ..... MARGARET SNOW
VICE PRESIDENT ..... LOUIS CARY
SECRETARY ..... ELEANOR TRUEMAN
TREASURER ..... RICHARD BRIGGS

"Freshy"! and at that call we turned amidst the clatter of T squares, triangles, paint boxes and rulers on their way to the floor from our clutching, inexperienced hands. Lo! —for was that not the voice of an upperclassman, and who were we but the "humble and the meek"?

"Now I lay me—" but this stage, and the intricacies of corridors, nooks and swinging doors we successfully weathered.

We were soon Sophomores, and who is more omnipotent and almighty than a Sophomore—in his own eyes? And we were very much so after our Sophomore assembly under Mr. Thompson's direction, in which we established a new high in artistic assembly entertainment.

Juniors! and our divergence from one unit into five separate departments as our choice inclined. We also noticed a difference in ourselves. The D.P.'s all let their hair grow long and looked very much the "intelligentsia"; the T.T.'s began speaking "of my pupils"; the C.D.'s flaired out with Schiaparelli, Vionett, and Maggie Rouff clothes de-

signed by themselves; the M.D.'s (no, not doctors, but modelers) secluded themselves in their own sanctum sanctorum; and the G.D.'s settled down to win prize after prize in commercial and industrial design contests.

Seniors! we assume the role manfully and greet each other with affection on the infrequent occasions that we meet. Socially we are successful, and climax our attainment with the best Senior Ball in the history of Senior Balls. Our fledgling wings have been strengthened by four years of association with art; we begin to assume a professional outlook and fly hither and thither in search of opportunities to express ourselves with creations in line, form, and color.

Commencement time's ever-quickening stride approaches, and in a few short weeks will have caught up to us and thrown us up onto the sands of Life's endeavor. Before we leave the portals of our Alma Mater, we want to express to those members of the faculty who are retiring from active participation in school affairs, our sincere appreciation as well as that of the entire school. To Miss Anna Hathaway, the petite person, master of the pencil and color harmonies we owe all we know of these two accomplishments, to Mr. Ludwig Frank the kindly modest gentleman with the "grand" sense of humor we owe our knowledge of textile design, to Mrs. Perkins our thanks for her unfailing efforts and cooperation in the art of seeing, and to Mr. Shelton, our genial master of the feather duster, our thanks for the hundred and one things with which he eased our burdens—and also for the singing.

To all of them we extend our thanks and our wishes for their continual enjoyment of the future.

LOUIS SWARTZ, '36

FRANCES ARCHIBALD

A combination of rare ingredients, calmly and consistently turning out work done in the professional manner.

LOUIS CARY

Spirit of the Modern, with a flair for this and that and the ability to "put it across."

BESSIE CASSO

An industrious jewelry expert who is painlessly particular about "particles."

CLAIR CHRISTOPHERSON

A Norwegian elf who wears a little fur cap and hides behind a huge silver brooch.

EVELYN FENTON

A bright beam of yellow sunlight tosses its head and becomes "Fenton" and her dimpled smile.

ASNA FISHER

Equally proficient with musical feet and artistic hands —a connoisseur of engraving and printing.

FRANCES FORD

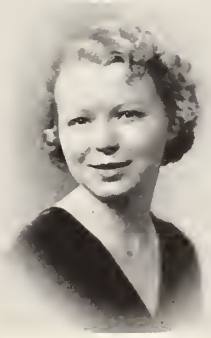
With sparkle and whirl and a new hat she gayly trips from here to New York and back again (or does she go on skiis?).

JOAN FOSTER

Tailor-made and business-like with a record of successfully completed undertakings and an ear to the ground for the future.

DOROTHY HALLBERG

If she is not up among the books at the other end of the telephone line, she is somewhere asking someone a question that requires a real answer.



CATHERINE HOYT

Thousands of "rough" sketches carefully done for every assignment, a long train ride, and a private chauffeur at the other end.

DOROTHY JONES

Carrying a book to fill free moments, a golden haloed goddess economically converts spare time into erudition.

WALTER JOY

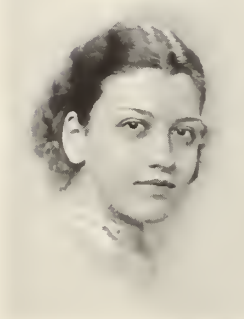
A camera clicks and from among the films and acids we hear a pun (or two or three).

MARY MURDOCH

Dawns of enthusiastic and romantic spirit
Sunsets of genuine sincerity.

WINIFRED PATTERSON

Contented with someone to wait, with something to eat, and with some children to draw and love.



EVELYN PIZZANO

Smooth, black, shiny head of a "race horse" arches its neck in the unusual manner and surprisingly starts to croon!

DOROTHY RISING

The faintest sound of a galloping hoof drives away all thought of perfect lettering, smooth curves, clear lines, and even quiet!

MARGARET SNOW

A jolly china doll bites her nails and turns out work with QUALITY.

STELLA STONOGA

Big brown eyes pick out bright colors and make use of them with both her precious tools—paint brush and sewing machine.

LOUIS SWARTZ

The echo of thunder bursting through a magenta sky—with a goodly bit of rhythm.

Costume Design

EILEEN BERMAN

Delicious wit and an amazing choice of words in expressing herself—crinkling, twinkling blue eyes—one of an entertaining front row foursome.

HELEN BERTOLINI

Modern as cellophane—one eyebrow raised questioningly toward the world—pancake hat—a precise way of speaking as crisp as her patent leather shoes.

GENEVIEVE BOWYER

A very up-to-the minute fashion-figured Miss—can take a yard of this or that and create the gown of the season—always has that "just stepped out of a bandbox" look—no,—change it to "Vogue" just for variety.

LUCILE BRADBURY

A quiet friendly person whose smile reveals unexpected dimples—member of a well-suited classroom trio.

ELEANOR CROOKER

Bubbles with enthusiasm over the joys and sometimes the sorrows of life—a bouncing, wholesome young person with a never-ending supply of energy and good nature.

IRENE GOLDSTEIN

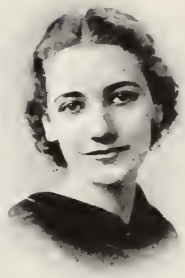
A hard worker with a will to succeed—a business-like brilliant mind always seeking improvement—appreciates fine books and worth-while lectures.

JUNE HELLER

Our "Boop" girl—knows the inner workings of a certain store's art department and is glad to pass the information on to others—a born mimic whose pantomimes make the class stop work as she brightens Life.

IRMA HUGHES

Eyes nigh on to Murph's—full of enthusiasm—flashing smile and a giggle—ran off with the prize in a certain contest, a grand start for success.



RITA MacDONALD

Dignified, capable, quiet—spotless Dresden china, looking just as well groomed when the three o'clock bell rings as when she left home.

ADA MALTZMAN

Sloe-eyed, drawling maid—hair combed just so—looks like, and is, a costume designer—of dresses? no, gowns!

WINONA MUTCH

A yellow-haired nymph with twinkling eyes of various colors—a business woman of confident tomorrows—capable of doing oh-so-much work weeks ahead of time.

CARMELITA MURPHY

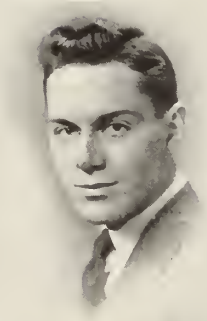
The pride and joy of the costumers—"Murph" speaks and the whole world laughs with her—such eyes and such a sense of humor combined in one person—shades of dry brush!

ELIZABETH NICHOLS

A very "engaging" Miss—wide blue eyes with a naughty glint, meaning that she is about to say something very, very, very surprising—a happy-go-lucky nature unhurried by hurricanes or class bells.

BARBARA NICOLAI

Famous for her good humor, her blond hair, and a peculiarly deep and infectious chuckle—keeps her popularity in spite of the fact that her work is usually the best in the class.



KENNETH O'NEIL

One courageous male in a man-forsaken course—designer of startling evening gowns—illustrator of well-fitted dresses and unladylike junior misses—a grand disposition exceeded only by "OOdles" of eyelashes.

RUTH WAY

A sense of humor which appreciates the subtleties of life—a questioning, somewhat doubting expression which suddenly crinkles into an appreciative grin—speaks little but says volumes—"still waters" and all that.

Drawing and Painting

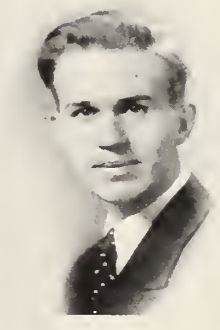
RICHARD BRIGGS

A "nice young man," with an air of detachment—possesses those apparently rare attributes of sincerity, frankness, serious purpose and quiet humor—notoriously hard to "make" successfully, though!

MARJORIE CARR

Quiet and self-possessed—is a conscientious, serious student, but will giggle on provocation—can be very reserved though quite responsive to class discussions on current topics.

STANLEY COOK



A scholar, serious and quietly enthusiastic, with an amazing desire and ability to be thorough. He steals quietly in from the seven hills of Worcester every day, with his ambition and a violin under his arm—he knows even more than he seems to, which is a great deal.

LOLA DI PERSIO

A spirited, forceful personality with positive opinions—remarkably eloquent, her simplest anecdote tinged with dramas—decidedly intelligent, worthwhile, and very difficult to describe adequately—has seen all the movies.

ETHEL GREEN

A combination of contrasts and contradictions—has fine artistic insight and sensitive appreciation—is also an authority on what we shouldn't eat—can describe anyone with a couple of choice words—is traditionally slow but arrives way ahead, like the turtle.

MARION GREEN

A "cute little thing" with, praise be, lots of intelligence—easy-going and tolerant—famous for her snappy retorts, a sense of humor, and the fact that she will be "a fine painter some day if she does not get married." Alas!

ANTHONY IARROBINO

An incurable romantic—likes to pretend he's some one else—a hit in the Mascart productions—lures pretty young girls to rendezvous in the studios to draw their delicate eyebrows and pearly teeth.

EVELYN KLEIN

Naive and ingenuous—very intelligent and interested in the finer life—likes to leap and run at odd moments in outbursts of suppressed vigor—can also sit quietly and think.

LILLIAN KORITSKY

A colorful person—loves almost any unusual clash of hues—has keen observation and appreciation of the subtle—possesses boundless capacity for irrelevant comment, and a marvelous recollection of all she's ever seen, read, heard, or thought!

EDITH LEONARD

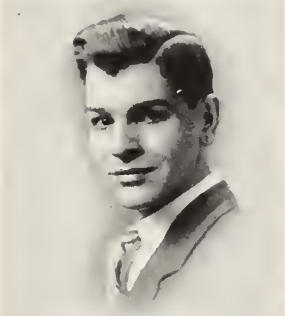
Appreciates other people's jokes as much as her own —is the Mental Uplift department of the drawing-painters—awfully well-informed on Russia and other worth-while things—sound effects: purposeful click of heels—underground laughter.

MARY O'TOOLE

Care free and easy going with a catching gaiety—feels in the mood to work occasionally and turns out some fine things—knows about all the movie stars and has seen the latest super attraction.

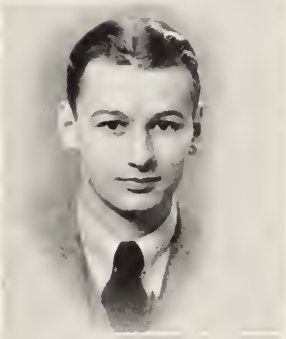
RUTH PEARLMAN

Self-sufficient and independent—has a lot of poise and easy nonchalance—can work very hard and draw seriously and well—makes frank but shrewd criticisms of the masterpieces of her contemporaries.



EDWARD POMEROY

Our nomination for the cliche expert—always obliging and surprisingly good-natured—easy to caricature—somehow seems untouched and unaffected by the usual common irritations which excite others.



ARTHUR SPENCER

A "real artist"—spends very long week-ends in New York—knows many celebrities—is a product of the notorious summer season at Provincetown—fun to talk with—looks in on us with indifference, but we knew him "when"!

PRISCILLA SWANSON

A demure modest maiden who can annihilate anyone or anything with a few dry words—arouses our suspicion that she enjoys practical jokes—worries us with her lack of emotions—but she can cook!

ELEANOR TRUEMAN

A charming person with many moods—can be very amusingly dramatic—tells funny anecdotes with suppressed laughter—appreciates subtleties—reads all the time—seems to know what to do or say with the right amount of naivete and sophistication.

RUTH WATT

Quiet and unaggressive—likes art, music, and literature—neglects her knitting—provides a very sympathetic ear to any tale of woe or humor—presents interesting viewpoints and intelligent thoughts when given the chance to get in a word.

Modeling

CHRISTINA MEADE

Singing at the top of her voice or quiet as a mouse; excellent flute player; talented in bas relief; noted for her sense of humor; lover of Mt. Chocorua, poetry, Brahms, Germany, da Vinci, the airedale, and books; dignified and quiet to outsiders, but joyous and rollicking to those fortunate enough to have her friendship.

MARY RAND

Reflecting sweetness and freshness that everyone quickly senses. Enjoys good music, skating, swimming, sailing, the modelling class, operas, and making her own clothes. Cheerful, friendly. The eternal feminine, that's Mary!

ADELAIDE TOOMBS

Possessing an imperturbable disposition which everyone likes to tease, because she is the best sport in the world, and does not choose to argue. Independent, forever on the go. Fond of club meetings, University Extension Courses, Sweden, the Nibelungenlied and dogs. A fine modeller with a perfect balance of work and play.

HELEN BROWN

An ash blonde lady, dignified and lovely, tempestuous and vitriolic, or just good fun! Whatever her mood, she is the apotheosis of reliability and efficiency. She does imitations of well-known people with uncanny perception—and will doubtless in turn attain the professional heights that will rate impersonations of herself.

BEATRICE COHEN

Maybe it's her intensely beauty-loving soul that makes you think of silver magnolias and moonlight—maybe it's because now and then you are permitted to glimpse the personality that rose to prominence 'way back in freshman year when she, the sulphite! blank-versed Francois Villon. She dashes off sonnets and portraits with equal facility—and adores good modern paintings.

ANNE CONLEY

A pert sprite with a retrousse nose, an unceasing facility with the "bon mot," the infectious gaiety of the gamin, and a startling strain of sheer sentimentality! Hers is a dynamic contribution to the general (and specific) assets of the Ultra-Modern Girl.

JOSEPHINE DeSIMONE

The prop and pillar of the glee club, and a genuine music-lover. She is tall, but singularly unobtrusive, the silent member of the T. T. group. She was formerly with the D. and P. department and her work shows that training. A four year friendship has resulted in the nickname, "the Carr Twin."

LOUISE GEBHARD

All our finest traditions are embodied in "Gebbie"—and her qualities are many. She's conservative, practical and alert, independent and dependable, untroubled and pragmatic,—and her beautiful ring is unobtrusive and unflaunted! She's our unassuming cosmopolitan!

MARY HOGAN

You know Mary—Mary the invaluable, the incomparable, the inimitable! She has a genius for remarkable questions, an inexhaustible supply of dry humor, and shines at dramatics (ask her to recite the "ABC's" sometime). She's a hat-cutter-upper and perches the results on that cap of fiery bronze with a triumphant grin. The Peter Pan of the T. T.'s—Mary the incorrigible—we appreciate and are thankful!

HELEN KENYON

Hers is a cleancut personality, chiefly characterized by her unique charm and remarkable poise. She's well-informed and is blessed with a logical mind and a knack for phrases that proves a point quietly and effectively. Modeling is her metier—anything from bunnies to plaques. She gets more things done well with less talk than is believable, and condenses work with efficiency that almost amounts to genius.

DORIS MABEY

A tall animated mannequin with a flare for costume jewelry. Her forte is crafts: puppets, bookbinding, weaving, pottery—a true craftsman. She's a stickler for detail and an indefatigably energetic and capable promotor of Art. Her ambitious aspirations are almost predestined to fulfillment.

CHARLOTTE PROCTER

Charlotte's is an elusive character to portray: she's really "still waters" with an unfathomable depth. However when she does assert herself she has a positive quality that constantly and pleasantly surprises. She draws birds and animals with unfailing precision and grace.

ALMA SHMAUK

A busy little woman, helpful, willing and generous. She loves teaching and is very sincere and honest about her chosen work. Her attitude is wholesome and optimistic, with a touch of the naive that is a delight to her friends. She, too, represented us at the Eastern Art Convention in New York.

LOUIS VUILLEUMIER

The potentiality of youth personified! He's a former Drawing and Painter, and it is indeed inspiring to see the talented artist struggling with child psychology. His beautifully meticulous work is the result of unflagging effort combined with natural skill. In appearance, he's an advance issue of Esquire fashion plates. Ingenuous and ingenious!

VYNA WINGOOD

Vyna is calm and unperturbed, no matter how hectic the occasion! She lives, rather than expounds her serene and rather remarkable philosophy. In the two years she has been in our group, her definite charm has made her "everyone's friend"—her real talent evokes our admiration!

MICHEL GARIEPY

An interesting person, very apparently and supposedly eccentric and exotic—dashes around and squints appreciatingly at almost anything—fascinates us with his musical ability and appreciation—makes speeches and comments, carefully impromptu.

ABRAHAM SILVERMAN

Apparently, but not really, a forbidding, self-contained person—very independent with distinctly individualistic attitudes—not easy to argue with—works sincerely, earnestly, and prolifically.

BARBARA HICKOK

Here's a remarkable combination of many delicate nuances! A New England conscience waging a perpetual struggle with a diabolical humor is interesting enough—but the uniformly excellent work she does makes her a most unusual person. Perhaps the overwhelming vote she received as our delegate to the Eastern Art Convention proves our esteem and effection—as well as our confidence in her capability.

LEON BAXTER

Mr. Baxter is our author! Three books proudly bear his name! He has a wealth of knowledge on varied subjects, and a fund of anecdotes garnered during an interesting life—he made colored plates during delicate operations when cameras were useless. . . .

GENEVIEVE DEANE

A laconic lady with a twinkle in her eyes that betrays a keen sense of humor. She always looks like a costume illustration (of course you know she graduated from that department!) Her enigmatic attitude is dispelled by her alert questions—and answers!

RUTH GOLDBERG

A friendly person, helping one and all with cheerfulness —never too busy to rush to the aid of someone in distress. Ruth graduated from the Drawing and Painting Department in 1934—and exhibited this year at the Fine Arts Theatre.

ROBERT WHITING

Bubbling with enthusiasm, and dominated by a dignity of purpose, Bob came to us from the Worcester Art School two years ago—he is more than an asset to us, for his aims are high—his spirit worthy!

FRANCES E. THOMPSON

She can discuss personally that which is theoretical psychology to us—for, after graduating from M. S. A. she taught for several years in Tennessee. A friendly person—and a most sincere and earnest student!

HERBERT RICHARDSON

Herb has a violent antipathy against closing doors and opening windows, but that brusque manner conceals the proverbial heart of gold. He prefers the precision of mechanical drawing, smokes a pipe, and this would be incomplete without reference to his complexion!

UNDERGRADUATES

JUNIORS

PRESIDENT .....RUTH SAWYER
VICE PRESIDENT .....DORCAS O'NEIL
SECRETARY .....EDMUND MONTMINY
TREASURER .....PAULINE MAGWOOD

We Juniors are a typical third year class, having realized our futile capers and experiments of other years, and settled down into a more sober and demure attitude.

We had been exclusive and "almighty" at the end of our second year, and we had entered into a decline from the impulsive search for learning that had been characteristic of our first year, but with the advent of September, 1935, a Renaissance movement began with the dividing of the flock. The Drawing and Painting sect, in two sections, "Ballet-Russed" from graphic arts to life class alternately each week. A great opportunity for study and discussion was afforded them by the Rembrandt and Van Gogh exhibits.

The "Costumers" proved their worth both at the school fashion show, and at the Jordan show, where, incidentally, Effie Poole carried off a well earned "second" with her evening creation of Chinese influence.

The Teacher Trainers have been weaving skill into their attempts at instruction, and last Fall, entertained the school with one of the cleverest puppet-shows we have seen.

As for the Designers, they have been so enthusiastic over their work that few have dared to interrupt. Many of them came up for air to participate in the Hovey contest, and great were the rewards thereof.

Our reunions usually were flavored with the anterior superior crest of the ilium, overhead oblique vanishing points, and Van Eyck triptychs. However, in spite of stormy weather, we have held together as a class, and with all this behind, intend to carry on into '37 with that needed Freshman idealism and Sophomore energy. Then—watch results!

G. STUART HODGE, '37

SOPHOMORES

PRESIDENT .....JOHN ANANIS
VICE PRESIDENT .....CLAIRE WELLS
SECRETARY .....MARY YOUNG
TREASURER .....LOUIS GLASSMAN

Today is the Tomorrow we worried about Yesterday,
and it didn't happen!

We are Juniors now. Already the absurdities of naive Freshmen are veiled in the mists of two rich years. Even the gargantuan activities of the past year are fast fading. We are more than half through school. In two short years we shall be setting out to face the world. What have we to offer? Lord! what have we to offer? Two years of work and nothing else? Where are the glorious achievements, where are the honors we promised?—We dreamed as Freshmen; we laughed; carelessly we bragged. Just wait—wait—until the next year? The next year came. We worked, we changed; but still we laughed; a little weaker, perhaps, but still, wait—wait, we echoed our younger selves.

We were cocky as Freshmen, so self-assured, convinced that we were right. A dozen courses bewildered us; upper-classmen dazzled us; but none of the illusions of that first year could divert us—we had the nerve to promise better things. The while Rabelaisianism reigned. We strutted across bare boards, under giddy lights, in fantastic garb; nor heeded

Apollo's pain. And young disciples of Bacchus competed with Euterpe's newest first line of defence, prosaically dubbed "Club." But we survived. A little sobered, we returned as Sophomores. Three wise fools, now we say, Painter, Designer, and Teacher-Trainer. We were conceited as Freshmen, but, oh, the blinding righteousness of Sophomores! More, we plotted graphically our own special worth, giving it the proof of science. Again we were oblivious to the sympathetic lamentations of Thalia and Melpomene, Terpsichore turned a cart-wheel. And again we weathered invectives and discouragement: again we had the nerve to promise; dubiously, yes, but still we pleaded, wait—wait—

And now we become Juniors, and still no triumphs. But say not these have been wasted years! Are the first faltering steps of the growing infant wasted steps? Do the child's bumps and bruises carry no lesson? We have tried and erred, and tried and erred. Perseverance has bruised us, but while bruising it has built strength and resistance: only the well conditioned athlete can effectively turn aside the shocks of the football game. Bemoan not mistakes as of a wasted past! What's past is prologue. True, there is no glory yet, neither is there honor, but—how inevitable is that but! how courageous! how adamant! pray, be we fools or Freshman still?—but wait—wait—two of the four years are done: we are embryonic artists? did someone smile?—wait! wait!—We are Juniors now.

PRESIDENT .....MARY KITTREDGE
VICE PRESIDENT .....VIRGINIA CALNAN
SECRETARY .....HELEN MANSFIELD
TREASURER .....HENRY BANKART

THE FRESHMAN USCRIPT

Flash! Seen Sept. 16, 1935, on the corner of Brookline and Longwood Avenues, a motley assemblage of slightly bewildered men and women.

First Impressions of a Mass. Art Freshman:

Strange faces; large sculptures; stained easels; Mr. Major; still lifes; President Newell.

Freshman week was a disappointment to the hardy and a relief to the timid. The school offered the "glad hand" which was gratefully accepted.

Flash!!! Li'l Iris won the Freshexhibit medal.
(John Shelley was flat-footed trying to find the prize.)

Review of Freshman Appreciation Day:

Five pianists, of whom your correspondent considered Sansone's "Wedding of the Painted Doll" the "bon-mot" . . . Cecelia Robichaud (showed) a fine voice . . . Phyllis Whistler Dillon . . . hero of the Day, Clarry Dore, who battled the elements in his rendition of "Rendino" . . . no Eddie Cantor's.

Flash!!! One hundred freshmen smocked, may they paint in peace and security.

Freshelection: Mary Kittredge, President; Virginia Calnan, Vice-President; Reginald Bankart, Treasurer; and Helen Mansfield, Secretary. Lorne Craig, School Store representative, and Dorothy Schueler, Christmas Spread.

Flash; Freshmen practically seize Glee Club.

Notes on the Freshassembly: "There ain't no flies on Auntie", Peel,—Spen's usual reserve lacking; Mary K. very impressive in "copper's" uniform;—Virginia's gem of an imitation of Mr. Jamison;—Inside on the "horse's" failure to encore; Craig (The fore) accused O'Connor (the aft) of fouling.

Freshmen Mascarter's: Brayton's "moanalogуing" in "Bocaccio's Untold Tale"; your correspondent accused of not acting but being very realistic in his Xmas slee Pierotting;—Emily S. Columbining; Jean M. doing an excellent job on two hard roles.

Sketch Clubbing: Our moustached member wearing out the Sketch Club Board with his oils; Versatile Victor;—Spasmodic Spenpeel.

Xmas Spreading: Accordioning by Stella Rubaszko; orating by Mary Pettengill.

Flash!! quote—this years freshmen girls are extremely attractive—unquote—President Newell.

Sports: Freshmen defeated in football, oh was it basketball (?) game by Sophs.

News Item: Marjorie Collins elected Secretary of Student Association.

Freshman Dance: And a grand time was held by all. Under the officiating of Mary K., Reg., and Rosy. The freshmen enjoyed themselves immensely.

FRESHMAN FAVORITES

MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

PAINTER

Past — Rembrandt. (Weak seconds, Da Vinci. Van Gogh got two votes.)
Present — Sargent. (Sargent had no strong rival.)

PAINTING

Past — The Last Supper. (Close second, Girl at the Half-Open Door.)
Present — Whistler's Mother

SCULPTOR

Past — Michelangelo. (Weak second, Phidias.)
Present — Cyrus Dallin. (Weak second, Augustus St. Gaudens.)

SCULPTURE

Past — Michelangelo's David. (Close second, The Discus Thrower.)
Present — Dallin's The Appeal to the Great Spirit.

ARCHITECTURE

Past — Parthenon. (Weak second, Taj Mahal.)
Present — Lincoln Memorial. (Weak second, St. John the Divine Cathedral.)

ILLUSTRATOR

Past — Charles Livingston Bull. (Close second, Howard Pyle.)
Present — Norman Rockwell. (Weak second, Rockwell Kent.)

ETCHER

Past — Rembrandt. (Weak seconds, Whistler and Durer.)
Present — Benson.

CARTOONIST — Walt Disney. (Disney was practically alone in the field.)

COMPOSER

Past — Beethoven. (Close seconds, Wagner and Strauss.)
Present — Irving Berlin. (Close seconds, Sebelius and George Gershwin.)

FRESHMAN FAVORITES

MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

COMPOSITION

Past— The Blue Danube. (Weak second, Moonlight Sonata.)
Present — Rhapsodie in Blue.

OPERA

Light — Pinafore. (Fair second, The Mikado.)
Grand — Carmen. (Close seconds, Tannhauser, Aida, Rigoletto.)

NOVELIST — Dickens. NOVEL — Tale of Two Cities.

BIOGRAPHY — The Americanization of Edward Bok.

SHORT STORY — O. Henry's The Cosmopolite in a Cafe.

TRAGEDY — Macbeth. (Fair seconds, Hamlet and Cyrano de Bergerac.)

COMEDY — Taming of the Shrew.

LONG POEM — Evangeline. (Fair second, The Ancient Mariner.)

SHORT POEM — Kipling's If.

MOTION PICTURE — David Copperfield.

MOT. PICT. ACTOR — Leslie Howard. (Close second, Charles Laughton.)

MOT. PICT. ACTRESS — Triple tie: Helen Hayes, Garbo, and Hepburn.

MAGAZINE

General — Reader's Digest.
Style — Vogue. (Weak seconds, Harper's Bazaar and Esquire.)
Art-Technical — Art Digest and Popular Mechanics.

WEEKLY — The Saturday Evening Post.

MYTH — Pandora and the Box.

MYTHOLOGICAL CHARACTER — Diana. (Close seconds, Siegfried and Perseus.)

COLOR — Blue. FLOWER — Red Rose.

MEDIUM — Oil Painting. HOBBY — Music.

Daniels Ptg. Co.
Boston